Daily Eagle

MARY'S ELOPEMENT.

Face to face we sat for some time in the cars, speeding across the country through Ohio.

Old he was, but erect of figure, keen and bright of eye, ruddy of cheek. He sat well forward on the seat as though accoutrements still prevented any lounging, and I noted him for an "old sabre" in a moment. He made the first advance, with a preliminary "Hem!" the passing of his left palm over the upper lip, where the mustache ought to have been, and with a slight Irish accent.

"Beg pardon, sir, but I think yer in the sarvice."

"Right you are," I replied, "and if I'm not mistaken you've been there, too!"

Then the right hand went to the forehead in salute and the body became rigid.

"Thankee, sir! I'm proud to say I have, and prouder to know I haven't lost the 'set up' yet. Forty-two years, eight months, five days, man and boy, I served the country in the field. Delany's my name—Sergeant Delany, —th cavalry—oncet—dragoons—an' there's few officers or ould men of the ould army that don't know Sergeant Delany an' he willin' to speak a good word for him."

Then we talked and talked, he most, through the long day. In the spirit begotten of comradeship, in the patronage the old blade felt for the young soldier, he gave confidences no other circumstances would have called forth, and, taking the cream of his story, the sum total was this:

"You could not have served so long and escaped wounds," I said, to lead him on.

"To be sure, no! But I haven't kept count. I've me head on me shoulders, an' a full complemint of legs and arms, an' anything short of the loss of them don't count. Sure, we take them in the line of duty—the way they come.

"I was, if I do say it meself, as tight a lad as ever straddled pigskin and wore blade, cocked me hat, carrried a can, slapped me leg an' winked at the girls. But I was caught early and fast. I'm of Irish blood, ye see, though I was brought over here while a bit of a boy. But it's Irish I am, and so fightin' and love-makin's small credit to me; it's natheral as breathin'.

"I'd just got me corporal's stripes, and wore stuck up with 'em like I was a major gineral, when the ould —— dragoons were quartered at ——, and there I met as nate an Irish lass as ever wore leather, and in a week I was a married man, and a bettther enlistment paper I never signed. I always needed strict discipline; then I had it at home and while on duty, and it was the savin' of me.

"Faith, it didn't seem longer than from reveille to retreat afore a year slipped around and I was a sergeant and the father of a daughter. Mary we called her, after the mother I loved well but was a troublin' son to; and I can say it boldly, no purttier creature ever came on earth; and the manners of her as she growed, were that astonishin' that though her mother were a well mannered, brisk, modest woman always, and I were ever a prompt, disciplined soldier, yet where Mary got the high bredin' ways were continual the worst of puzzle to me.

"There may have been and be men who love their little ones well as I, but ther' were never a man loved daughter betther since God gave daughters to men. When she first came I were some put out because she weren't a boy, but I had no thought of that when I found the tenderness of her baby heart. But I taught her all a boy should know. She could shwim, ride, shoot, skate afore she was 7, and whistle like a canary. It's many's the time I'd laugh when they'd tell me the ould sayin' about 'whistlin girls;' and I'd always the notion of music, though mighty little talent, but be hard work, afther nearly drivin' me wife and all the garrison crazy with me practicin', I learned to make a fair fist, or mouth, with the fife, and could give "Yankee Doodle," "Garryowen" and sich to the satisfaction of me frinds and meself, and to every one but the regular mimbers of the band. Well, she, Mary, could bate me hollow on that fife in no time, and proud to the very height of pride I was of her.

"We lived well and happy, when we weren't fighting, till she were 16 years ould. You see, sir, you talkin' of wounds set me on this trail, and I'll tell you how a man can get a worse wound from a friend than ever the bullet or sabre of an enemy can give him, and how he can wound himself worse nor all.

"She was 16, as I said, and well educated for her place in life. We were in garrison then, and to fit her for takin' care of herself we let her go into the town to learn the dressmakin'—and never a girl had the good taste in dress like her.

"Well, ther' were a young leftenant came to our troop, then a gay, handsome, brave young chap as ever you see. Barton be name. I respected him as an officer and I loved him as a son.

"It were some ten months after he come, when one night I went to my quarters at the barracks and Mary wasn't there to sit at the table with me. That night before I went in Leftenant Barton came to me with his bright smile and friendly way, holdin' out his hand. 'Good-by, sergeant,' says he, 'I'm off to-night.' 'Off where, sir?' says I. 'I resigned two weeks ago, and my papers has just come in,' says he.

"That onsettled me. I'm hasty tempered at times, and when I went home the wife says, says she, 'You're late, but there's the illigant stew for you.'

"'The devil fly away with your stew, Mrs. Delany,' says I. 'Where's my daughter?'

"'Tain't one of me knows,' says she, 'I 'spose she's kep' late. Ate your stew, man, and don't be cursin' me, for I won't take it off you nor no man.'

"I'm fond of Irish stew, sir, and no woman makes it better nor Mrs. Delany, but with this and that I were so put out I never enjoyed a bite less.

"Eight o'clock came and I was worried more and more. Then the wife came out from the room where Mary slept with a bit of a note in her hand. I read it: 'Dear father and mother, I have gone with my Barton, that I love with all my heart.'

"I was struck cold, sir; I saw it all. Afore I could catch my breath there were footsteps running up the barracks stairs, and Mary burst in, all in silks and satins and velvet.

"'Oh, father! daddy! Oh, mother!' she cried, 'I couldn't go, after all, without seein' you!' Her mother would have rushed to her girl, but I stepped between them.

"'You're no daughter of mine!' says I. 'Mrs. Delany, don't touch her! Girl, go! I'll hear no word from her mouth. Go! before I disgrace me uniform by strikin' you, before I break my heart with cursin' you!'

"She looked at me; she knew what my temper was when it was up, and she turned and went.

"Ah, sorrow like that is hard to bear. It's the broken heart I carried in my breast them days, and long after. Men tried to speak to me of her and him, but I swore I'd kill the first man named her name, and I'd have done it. I could not face the men and officers who'd known me so long. I had the right to ask me discharge after that length of service, and I did it and got it, and went where I'd never see a face that knew me.

"The wife never troubled me about the hardness, but I knew no other trade but the soldiering, and things didn't go well with us.

"Mary kept, somehow, knowledge of all our changes, and every month would come a letter with $50 in notes to me. No word—no way I could tell from where it came. Christmas times the notes would be for $100, so I knew she was not in want.

"The Bartons were rich and a high family. Often I swore to go to them with the story of the ruin of my girl; but the love Estell had for her and my own pride held me back from exposin' the trouble. I never played the fife, never thought of the'ould thing after, and it's a hard life the wife had with me tempers, but she bore it well.

"The wound me daughter, me officer and meself had given me were killin' me with anger and despair. That wound hurt me longer, hurt me sorer and hurt me worse to the life core than any I ever got from Mexicans, Injuns or rebels, and I got them from all.

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"Well, sir, it was just five years from the time I got that deadly hurt, and we were livin' in ——, with hard scratchin' to get along on me pension and what I could make laborin', for I was gettin' ould. I'm past 70 now.

"I came rather late one night and the wife says: 'You're wanted immediate to the Union hotel,' says she; 'you've been sent for twice.' 'Who is it?' says I. 'I don't know,' says she; 'but brush yourself up and go at once,' says she, 'and I'll have a nice stew for you when you get back. Maybe its good luck comin.'

"So I trimmed up for inspection and review. I'd been tryin' to get a watchman's place on a railroad, and thought maybe some of the masters were wantin' to see me 'bout that.

"I soon got to the hotel. 'My name's Delany,' says I to the clerk. He taps the bell and says to the black man, 'Show the gentleman up to parlor B,' says he.

"'Gentlemen!' thinks I. 'Parlor B,' thinks I, 'It's risin' in the world I am. Maybe they'll be makin' a superintendent of an ould soldier, thinks I, and I followed the blackie, all in a blind of wonder.

"It's a fine room I were shown into, and nobody in it. The sarvant left and I was smoothin' my hair before a big lookin' glass that were there, when I heard a swish like a dress aside me. I turned and there were Mary—my Mary!—so beautiful, so like a queen, with her darlin' blue eyes lookin' so wistful at me.

"'Oh, daddy!' she cried, holdin' out her two arms and callin' me by the name she called me when she were my own innocent little baby. 'Oh, daddy, listen to me now.'

"The anger rose up hot in me, though me heart were beaten' like 'twould burst me breast and a lump in me throat were chokin' me.

"'Not a word,' says I, 'not a word with deserters, and traitors, and worse! You're dead to me! You were no more Mary Delany from the night you left your parents!'

"'No!' says a deep, clear voice, 'but she's Mary Barton, and has been from that same night,' and out of a room door, leadin' into the parlor steps my old leftenant and put his arm around her so bold and lookin' so handsome, that I was speechless and moveless.

"'I struck the tears from my eyes, and heard a little voice say, 'Drandad!' an' I looked down, and there was my little Mary, three years ould, lookin' up at me, an' holdin' in her hands that ould fife.

"I looked from the child to the mother, to the father, and I saw what an ould brute and fool I'd been. No need to tell me a word more.

"'Tiss me, drandad! says the little one, and I gathered her up, and I, that had never shed a tear for sorrow or pain, run the eyes out of me with cryin' for joy.

"We talked and we talked. They told me how they had been in England and France for Mary's education; how the leftenant's people had joined them in Paris the year before, and how they all loved and thought there was nobody like the ould sergeant's Mary, the son's wife. And all this time, God forgive me for bein' selfish, I were forgettin' the poor ould mother.

"The baby was bundled up, houldin' the ould fife that Mary had taken with her when she went, and that baby had always played with, and we were soon in a carriage rolling off to my poor home.

"I went in first, little Mary in my arms. Mrs. Delany was in bed in the back room. 'What kep' ye, sargint?' says she. 'I hope 'twas good luck. Ye'll find th' stew on the stove!'

"'The devil fly away with yer stew, Mrs. Delany,' says I. 'Come out here and see the stew I've brought you.' But before she could move from the bed Mary was on her, and—well, you can guess the rest, happiness, the talk, the tenderness of that night! I waked the whole house with 'Yankee Doodle' and 'Garryowen' on that fife, and with me feelin's all worked and bein' out of practice, too, they were played bad enough to wake the dead.

"There ain't much more to tell. Our troubles and heartaches were over. The next mornin talkin' to Mary and the leftenant, I says, takin' a lot of letters out of my pocket, 'If you young people are short of money, there's over $3,000 that belongs to you, that's been sent to me for five years back.'

"'Oh, you dear, proud old daddy!' cried Mary, with her arms about my neck and tears in her eyes and voice, 'and you wouldn't use it in all your needs? I might have known it, thinking what you did of me.'

"Well, sir, that money went to buy a little farm where I and the ould wife live like a lady, and of course it will go back to them that gave it when we die.

"There's a boy now, sir. I'm going to see him christened Delany Barton, and he's to be a soldier. They're none of them ashamed of the ould sergeant and his wife, but she's not able to travel, and so I have to report alone. Will I take a sup out of your flask, sir?

"Well, talkin's dry work and I've been doin' a power of it; a sup would go well now, but if you'll excuse me, I won't take it. Ten minutes will bring me to where they're all waitin' for me, and I'd rather not kiss Mary and the babies with the laste touch of it on my lips."

In ten minutes we stopped at a station, the old sergeant stepped from the cars, and as we moved off he was still the center of a beautiful, loving group.—Col. Duke Baillie in New York Mercury.

Martha Washington as a Beauty.

Martha Washington was a very pretty girl, but not a very good-looking old woman. As she matured she grew stout; and, though her picture represents her as a beauty, the current history of the times says she was a plainly-dressed, robust old woman who looked older than her husband. She was not noted for her social nor intellectual qualities. She could not spell, and probably did not read a book from one end of the year to the other. She was a sort of a goody-goody woman, who almost always had knitting-needles in her hands and who thought she did a great thing when she saved the ravelings of a lot of old black silk stockings and worn out chair covers and wove them into a dress for herself. She was very proud of her husband; and they show the little room in the second story of the home at Mount Vernon in which she secluded herself after his death, seeing no one for months, and allowing only a cat to enter the room through a hole which was cut under the door.—Frank G. Carpenter in Lippincott's Magazine.

Kate Field thinks that the free wild west is more appreciative than the cold and cultured east.

Artists Duplicating Their Pictures.

It is reported that many European artists have begun duplicating their pictures for simultaneous exhibition in different cities.—New York Graphic.

Undue Perspiration of the Hands.

A mixture which is said to be a cure for undue perspiration of the hands is made of a quarter of an ounce of powdered alum, the white of one egg and enough bran to make a thick paste. After washing the hands apply this; let it remain on the hands two or three minutes, and then wipe off with a dry, soft towel. Lukewarm water is better than hot or cold if the skin is tender or inclined to chap.—Philadelphia Call.

Cause and Cure of Moldiness.

Moldiness is occasioned by the growth of minute vegetation. Ink, paste, leather and seeds most frequently suffer by it. A clove will prevent it. Any essential oil will answer equally as well.—Boston Budget.